CKUT 90.3 FM FALL '93 PROGRAM GUIDE

and more!

Static

Fall '93

XC.III

PROMOTING HOMOSEXUALITY

Tues, thurs-sun

The Smell of Sex the Smell of Heaven

LA VIE DE NUIT

K.O.X., 1450 ST. CATHERINE EAST

TUESDAYS

SOIRÉE ZUCHINNI

THE GODDESS DJ BETTINA PLAYS AN ECLECTIC MIX OF HOUSE, DISCO, AND K-TEL CLASSICS TO A MIXED VILLAGE/DOWNTOWN CROWD. WILD AND WACKY AMBIENCE WITH NIGHTLY FREAK/SEX SHOWS. 99¢ COVER

THURSDAYS

EASY EASY EASY

BETTINA SPINS DEEP TRACKS AND VOCAL GROOVES TO ROUGH TRADE AND THEIR ADMIRERS. BOYS, BOYS, AND MORE BOYS. $2 COVER.

FRIDAYS

GAG! GAG! GAG! GAG!

DJ MARK ANTHONY PUMPS OUT FIERCE TRIBAL AND HARDHOUSE TO THE UNDERGROUND CLUB SCENE. CLUB KIDS, DRAG QUEENS, RAVERS, SUPER MODELS, AND 1001 FASHION FREAKS. $4 COVER.

SATURDAYS

THE BIGGEST PARTY IN MONTREAL AS DJ STEPHEN WALLACE PACKS THE HOUSE-PUMPING OUT HOUSE AND DANCE TO A GAY/MIXED CROWD. $4 COVER.

SUNDAYS

ZIPPER CLUBZIPPER CLUB

DJ STEPHEN WALLACE SPINS PROGRESSIVE HOUSE TO A GAY/MIXED CROWD. CALL FOR LISTINGS OF THEME PARTIES AND BIG EVENTS. 99¢ COVER.

CARGO RECORDS

Filling Up Your Stereo With The Finest Blends Of Music

DISCOVER A WORLD OF MUSIC WITH CARGO & CKUT ! FROM AMBIENT TO HARDCORE ... FROM WORLD BEAT TO TECHNO ... SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE ... AND EVERYTHING FOR SOMEONE.

BRIAN ENO
Neroli

One of two releases from the Eno family (along with the gorgeous 'The Familiar' by Roger Eno with Kate St.John), 'Neroli' is the definitive ambient album from the definitive ambient composer.

SMUDGE
Tea, Toast & Turmoil

A bit of rock, a touch of punk & a lot of pop form the 18 thoroughly enjoyable tracks on Smudge's debut long player. A must for Lemonheads fans ... check out the connections!

FUGAZI
In On The Kill Taker

Fugazi's most focussed & explosive disc to date, with thought provoking & eloquent statements that force the listener to re-evaluate society's commonly held beliefs, rules & values.

AFRICANDO
Vol. 1 Trovador

Three of Senegal's greatest singers join a top notch group of New-York based Latin musicians to create a joyous & soulful mix of African-rooted salsa & Latin influenced Afro-pop. A party album fueled with high-octane energy!

FORBIDDEN DIMENSION
Sin Gallery

The Forbidden Dimension have been carving a trail of fiery & chaotic recordings & performances for the past 5 years. Dig in yer spades & take a listen to the 20 deep cuts on their debut full-length release Sin Gallery...

ADSR
Accelerated Emotions

Let the unique & essential sounds of ADSR take you to new heights in the electric music experience, to a state where the options to dance and move the body, or to relax and please the mind, are simultaneously offered.

Statik staff

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Statik is always looking for volunteers and contributors. If you are interested in working on our pubescent publication, please contact Geneviève or Louise at the offices of CKUT.

Statik is published by CKUT-FM, a campus-based community radio station broadcasting at 5700 watts to the greater Montreal area.

POST CARD
Dear Auntie,
Finally picked up a lickle job at a radio station, CKUT 90.3FM. You cant imagine de different tings you can hear on dis station that you wouldn't hear there or even on some other station here. So many different people with different interests (some weird) are crammed into a small area & we always seem to have space to
Mrs T. Jackson
Port Antonio P.O.
Jamaica W.I.
respect more. Gotta run.
Bless be de tides dat bring
Your niece Pat
P.S. Last week I posted for the cover of their programme Guide. Don't worry it's Decent
K.J. TURNER 85

CKUT-FM staff

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STALK

The flag that you hear weekdays at 11h15 following the BBC news is one of a series of 30 flags flying from sites throughout the city in conjunction with the installation Vivre at Carré St-Louis.

WHITE FLAG	DRAPEAU BLANC
vivre	

vivre est une série d'installations/interventions d'un artiste anonyme qui se déroule au carré St-Louis du 9 août au 12 septembre. Ouvrez l'oeil: l'artiste intervient sur nombreuses composantes du carré St-Louis, telles que les vespasiennes, la fontaine, les trance publics, les lampadaires etc. Ouvrez l'oreille: un montage sonore se diffuse sur CKUT 90.3FM vers 11 heures du matin juste après les nouvelles de la BBC. vivre, version sonore, est une intervention radiophonique. Peut-être, vous remarquerez aussi les 30 drapeaux blancs disperdés à travers la ville. Cet artiste montréalais anonyme a choisi le carré St-Louis (et ses sites périphériques comme CKUT-FM) comme site d'une série d'interventions qui en soulignent la fonction sociologique tout en soulevant de vastes questions humaines, donc politiques.

NOISY NEIGHBOURS

ARE YOU BEING NOISY? OR YOUR NEIGHBOURS BEING NOISIER?

DON'T WASTE ALL THOSE GROOVY SOUNDS ON YOURSELVES ALONE. GET OUT OF YOU'RE PRACTICE SPACE, AND IN TO THE STATION TO PARTICIPATE.
CKUT'S NEW NOISY NEIGHBOURS SERIES.

THE NOISY NEIGHBOURS SERIES FEATURES DEMO OR CASSETTE-ONLY TUNES BY LOCAL MUSICIANS OF ALL KINDS. IT'S AS SIMPLE AS PLUGGING IN AN AMP. BRING YOUR MASTER TAPE TO THE CKUT STUDIO AND WE'LL PUT ONE OF YOUR SONGS ON CART FOR EASY PLAY BY DJ'S, WITH AN INTRODUCTION THAT YOU YOURSELF RECORD. IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU ALREADY HAVE MATERIAL OUT ON CD OR VINYL, JUST THAT THE PARTICULAR SONG YOU CHOSE BE AVAILABLE SOLELY ON CASSETTE.

THE NOISY NEIGHBOURS SERIES IS AN EFFORT TO GATHER MORE AIR PLAY FOR LOCAL MUSICIANS WITH MATERIAL ON THIS HARD-TO-CUE FORMAT. TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT TO RECORD YOUR NOISY NEIGHBOURS CART, CALL CKUT AT GENEVIEVE.

McGill

There is more treasure in books than in all the pirates' loot on Treasure Island . . . and best of all, you can enjoy these riches every day of your life.

Walt Disney

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a bookstore for the curious mind.

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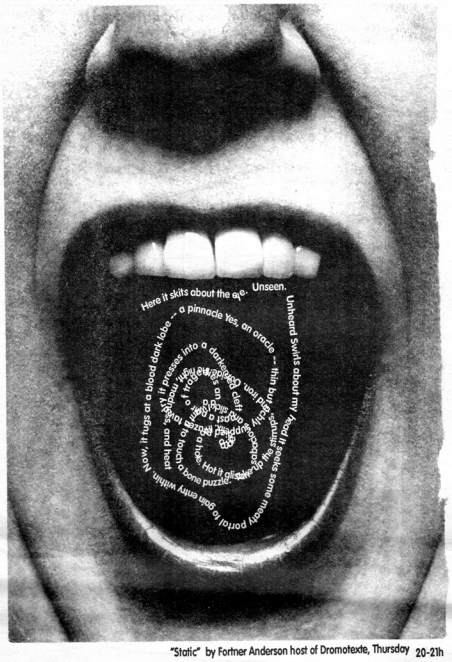
Here it skits about the eye. Unseen.
Unheard Swirls about my head seeks some empty portal to gain entry within. Then bursts
a pinnacle Yes, an oracle
It presses into a blood dark lobe
Hot it glistens
and heat

"Static" by Fortner Anderson host of Dromotexte, Thursday 20-21h

CHEAP THRILLS

WE BUY & SELL BOOKS,RECORDS,COMPACT DISCS..
1433 BISHOP AND 2044 METCALFE 2nd floor

ROCK & ROLL - JAZZ - REGGAE - RHYTHM & BLUES
AFRICAN - BLUES - SIXTIES - SOUL - WORLDBEAT
GOSPEL - INTERNATIONAL - COUNTRY AND WESTERN
REGGAE - RHYTHM & BLUES - JAZZ - ROCK & ROLL
SIXTIES - SOUL - WORLDBEAT - BLUES - AFRICAN
COUNTRY AND WESTERN - GOSPEL - INTERNATIONAL
JAZZ - ROCK & ROLL - RHYTHM & BLUES - REGGAE
WORLDBEAT - AFRICAN - SIXTIES - SOUL - BLUES
ROCK - JAZZ - REGGAE - RHYTHM & BLUES
AFRIC - SIXTIES - SOUL - WORLDBEAT
GOSPE - INTERNATIONAL - COUNTRY AND WESTERN
REGGA - & BLUES - JAZZ - ROCK & ROLL
SIXTIE - WORLDBEAT - BLUES
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JAZZ - ROLL - RHYTHM & BLUES
WORL - AFRICAN - SIXTIES
ROC - JAZZ - REGGAE -
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STALK

ELECTROCUTED RADIO READING EXERCISE
Journées ELECTRO-RADIO days
CALL FOR WORKS

October 1st, line is dead. You've plugged your fingers into the nearest electrical outlet. Not a good start. You might survive. If you exercise what follows. Pull them fingers out quick. And start snapping. Snap your fingers and you're in the Western Front and on Co-op 102.7 FM in Vancouver. Snap your fingers and you're in the Music Gallery and on CIUT-89.5 FM in Toronto.

Snap your fingers again and you're in Espace ACREQ and on CKUT 90.3 FM in Montréal. You can snap out of it now.

The three metropolis snap. Start reading out (very) loud. Journées ELECTRO-RADIO days. Louder. On the evenings of December 8-11 you will be live. A festival featuring new, original and specially-conceived radio works (site-specific works, radio plays, interactive works, improvisations, electroacoustic compositions, etc.).

Stop reading. Start thinking. We are seeking proposals. Line was dead. Now only October 1st is the deadline. All artists, all disciplines, interested in using radio as a creative tool are invited to submit proposals. Campus and community radio at a national level. Coast to coast (not quite but it's a start) is usually the priviledge of the railway and the CBC. Exercise those tuning forks, you'll find Vancouver in Montreal. Montreal in Toronto. Toronto in Vancouver. Vancouver in Toronto. Toronto in Montreal. Dizzy spells allowed. Take 1,2,3. Step into the broadcast space. The air will refresh you.

Step one: electrocute community radio and somehow it will get to 3 cities simultaneously.

Step two: listen with 3 ears or snap more than 3 words on a keyboard and cassette, reel or dat some sound as a proposal to participate.

Step three: book your cross-country flight at the above radio stations. Proposal deposit due by October 1st. The flight is on Dec. 8-11 evenings. Don't standby.

Christof Migone
Co-Artistic Director

send submissions to:
Journées Electro-Radio Days c/o ACREQ 4001 Berri #202, Montréal, H2L 4H2.
For more straightforward information call 514-849-1564 fax 987-1862.

CKUT 90.3FM

PROGRAM GUIDE

	MON.	TUES.	WEDS.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.
1h	General Music	Tiga & G'Nat	End of the World	360° is a Revolution	A Shot in the Dark	Stereophobic	Utopia's Paradise
2h							
3h			Lunadic Wax				
4h							
5h	Jubilius	General Music	Full Circle	General Music	AM Hygiene	Crunch 'N' Grunt	
6h							
7h	Morning After			Lendemain de la Veille	Morning After	Adventures in Music	Mind Soul & Spirit
8h						Francis et les Exercises	
9h	Soundings	Basabasa Soukousoundz	From Ragtime to No Time	Mornin' Roll & Tumble	Jazz Amuck	Quebec-Acadie en Musique	Latin Time
10h						John Abbott/ Anything Goes	America Latina
11h	BBC World Service News/Channel 01-05					Samedi Midi	International Radio Report / B-Train
12h	Twisting Tongues	Face to Face	Friends	Voice of the Poor	For the Life of our World/TBA		
13h	Slighter Later	Hearing Trumpet	Headcheez	2½ Pounds of Bacon	Butcher T's Noon Timecuts	Publicité	Ear of the Beholder
14h	Souverains Anonymes	Literature Montreal	Z'ondes Alterees	A la journée longue / Umoja	Earth Chronicles	Fervor	Entre Ciel et Terre
15h							
16h	Cuts	Mind Drop	The Lion's Den	Positive Vibes	Aack!	West Indian Rhythms	Sonali Dheu
17h	Off the Hour	Entre Parentheses	Off the Hour				Echoes of Punjab
18h	Queercorps	Complex de Javex	Hersay	Butterfield 8 / Montreal Jewish Magazine	Schmoozing		Celtic Communion
19h	Dykes on Mykes	Troisième Acte / Point Virgule	Amandla	Grey Matters	Song Coming On	Masters at Work	Bluegrass Rambling / Country Classics
20h							
21h	Underground Sounds	New Stuff / Single Eye	Jazz Euphonium	Dromotexte / Theatre of Cruelty	El Guero's Albums	Radical Brutality	Walk On
22h	Drastic Plastic	Subterranean Jungle	Panorama of China	Bruit Aktuel/Système Minuit	Weekend Groove	New Republicanz	bHum bHum Time
23h	Late Night Atrocity Exhibition	Lust Never Sleeps / French Toast	Just an Immigrant	Comme un Boomerang	T.B.A.	Jumbalaya	Sound of Soul
24h							
1h							

For More Info,
office → 398-6787
Studio → 398-4626

THE WIDE WORLD

AMANDLA (W 19h-20h): African news & politiques
AMERICA LATINA (Su 10h-10h30): from the Concordia Latin Am. Ctte.
BASABASASOUKOUSOUNDS (T 9h-11h): African music
CELTIC COMMUNION (Su 18h-19h): Irish music, no wafers
ECHOES OF PUNJAB (Su 17h-18h): Indian music
EL GÜERO'S ALBUMS (F 20h-22h): Latin & Caribbean music
INTERNATIONAL RADIO REPORT (Su 10h30-11h): Mhz, khz, et al.
JUST AN IMMIGRANT (W 23-Th 01h): music from anywhere but home
LATIN TIME (Su 9-10h): tiempo latino
PANORAMA OF CHINA (W22-23h): Chinese music & culture
POSITIVE VIBES (Th 15-17h): reggae
SAMEDI MIDI (samedi 10h30-13h): émission haïtienne
SONALI DHEU (Su 16-17h): Bengali news & culture
WEST INDIAN RHYTHMS (Sa 16h-19h): Caribbean Music & Culture

WOMEN'S

CUTS (M-15-17h): Women's Music with bite
DYKES ON MYKES (M19-20h): even barbie listens
HERSAY (W 18-19h): funky feminism
TWISTING TONGUES (M11h30-12h): women of colour on international issues

EN FRANÇAIS

À LA JOURNÉE LONGUE (jeu. 14h-14h30): le travail et la lutte contre le travail
COMME UN BOUMERANG (jeu. 23-01h): le rock
COMPLEXE DE JAVEX (mar. 18h-19h): les arts & spectacles
POINT-VIRGULE (mar. 19h30-20h): la littérature
PUBLICITÉ (sam. 13h-14h): les affaires publiques
QUÉBEC ACADIE EN MUSIQUE (sam. 9-10h)
Z'ONDES ALTERÉES (mer. 14-15h): la science humaine
SOUVERAINES ANONYMES (lun. 14-15h): un parole par des paroles
TROISIÈME ACTE (mar. 19-19h30): le théâtre

KULTURE

ANYTHING GOES (alternate Sa 10h-10h30): for the young & young at heart
QUEERCORPS (M 18h-19h): pleaure/politics, out/loud
LITERATURE MONTRÉAL (Tu 14h-15h): literature! live!!
SHMOOZING (F 18h-19h): weekend entertainment roundup
BUTTERFIELD 8 (Th 18h-18h30): film & video

THEY'LL DO ANYTHING

A SHOT IN THE DARK (F 1-4h): extremities from the whole musical spectrum
ADVENTURES IN MUSIC (Sa 7-8h): truly eclectic
AM HYGIENE (F 4-7h): a journey through industrial ambience
BHUM BHUM TIME (Su 23-24h): old r&b, reggae and calypso with sis P.
CRUNCH 'N' GRUNT (Sa 4h30-7h): hardcore stuff
NEW STUFF (Tu 20-21h): fun with pop, mostly new releases
EAR OF THE BEHOLDER (Su 13-14h): not Orson Welles, feel the hot power
FERVOUR (Sa 14-16h): a beat ridden frenzy
FRENCH TOAST (Wed 0-1h) bitchen ' tunes
FULL CIRCLE (W 5-7h): reggae-centric
HEARING TRUMPET (T 12-14h): eclectic as heck
JUBILIUS (M 4-7h): the sound of what cannot be said
JUMBALAYA (Su 0-2h): in your face fatass phunk
LUST NEVER SLEEPS (W 23-24h:) caught in the vertical net of life
SLIGHTER LATEr (M 12-14h): absorbs 3 times it's weight in acetone
STEREOPHOBIC (Sa 2-4h30h): indie rock galore
360 DEGREES IS A REVOLUTION (Th 1-4h): afrodiasporic with an R'nB soul
2 1/2 LBS OF BACON Th 12-14h): drain excess fat for best results

ROCK

AACK!! (F 15-17h): loud rock and hard funk
DRASTIC PLASTIC (M 22-23h): profiles in punk courage
HEADCHEEZ (W 12-14h): cheeky, sassy and snotty
LATE NIGHT ATROCITY EXHIBITION (M 23h- Tu 01h): brutalbeat
LUNADIC WAX (W 2-5h): industrial dance
NEW REPUBLICANZ (Sa 22-24h): grindcore
RADICAL BRUTALITY (Sa 21-22h): hardcore
SUBTERRANEAN JUNGLE (Tu 22-24h): real rock'n roll radio
UNDERGROUND SOUNDS (M 20-22h): all Cdn., all the time

COMMUNITY & PUBLIC AFFAIRS

BBC WORLD SERVICE NEWS (M-F 11h-11h15): live from London
CHANNEL 01-05 (M-F 11h15-11h30): community announcements and arts listings
EARTH CHRONICLES (F 14h-15h): cross-Cdn. perspectives on the environment
FACE TO FACE (Tu 11h30-12h): community access and service groups
FRIENDS (W 11h30-12h): in the Black community
FOR THE LIFE OF OUR WORLD (alternate F 11h30-12h): animal rights
GREY MATTERS (Th 19h-20h): lectures by prominent activists & thinkers
JOHN ABBOTT ON THE AIR (alternate Sa 10h-10h30): CEGEP students speak out
MONTREAL JEWISH MAGAZINE (Th 18h30-19h)
MORNING AFTER/LE LENDEMAIN DE LA VEILLE (wkdays 7h-9h): an alternative to the AM zoo
OFF THE HOUR/ENTRE PARENTHESES (wkdays 17h-18): the facts have more than two sides
UMOJA (Th 14h30-15h): Swahili for 'coming together'
VOICE OF THE POOR (Th 11h30-12h)

BLUES, COUNTRY, JAZZ & GOSPEL

A SONG COMIN' ON (F 19-20h): classic jazz & pop vocal standards
B-TRAIN (Su 11-13h): beer, blues, baseball, babies & birthdays
BLUEGRASS RAMBLING/COUNTRY CLASSICS (Su 19-21h)
FROM RAGTIME TO NO TIME (W 9-11h)
JAZZ AMUCK (F 9-11h)
JAZZ EUPHORIUM (W 20-22h): a magazine for swingers
MIND, SOUL & SPIRIT (Su 7-9h): gospel - from spirituals to new jack swing
MORNIN' ROLL & TUMBLE (Th 9-11h): blues
WALK ON (Su 21-23h): more blues

NEW SOUNDS

DROMOTEXTE (Th 20-21h): spoken word heaven & hell
END OF THE WORLD (W 1-2h): global experiments in sound
FRANCIS & LES EXERCISES (Sa 8-9h): musique actuelle et al
BRUIT AKTUAL/SYSTÈME MINUIT (Th 22-23h): radio art creations & works for the O(au)ral space
SINGLE EYE (T 21-22h): this is the sonic underground
SOUNDINGS (M 9-11h): art music past & present, from near & far
THEATRE OF CRUELTY (Th 21-22h): music that pulls your pigtail.

DANCE MUSIC

BUTCHER T'S NOON TIME CUTS (F 12-13h): bits of R&B, hip hop and dancehall for lunch.
LION'S DEN (W 15-17h): African-american beats
MASTERS AT WORK (Sa 19-21h): hip-hop
MIND DROP (Tu 15-17h): techno & trance
SOUND OF SOUL (M 0-1h): silky soul
TIGA & G'NAT (Tu 1-4h): rave on
UTOPIA'S PARADISE (Su 2-7h): underground house
WEEKEND GROOVE (F 22-24h): r & b

African horns

The influence of jazz on African music has been felt primarily in South Africa.

Jazz records started appearing in South Africa in the 30's and 40's. Marabi music and later Kwela (pennywhistle) music were the local responses. Big bands were formed, only to disappear in the increasingly hostile political climate of the 1950's. Ntemi Piliso has been playing jazz in South Africa since the 1940's. In the fifties, as a mmber of the thriving jazz scene that also gave a start to Miriam Makeba, Abdullah Ibrahim and Hugh Masekela, he led a dance band and performed in the musical*King Kong*. Although jazz and dance music have parted ways since the 40's, Piliso has kept his jazz danceable and explored the rhythms of popular music, writing mbaqanga tunes for the Mahotella Queens, for instance. In 1982 he formed the African Jazz Pioneers to revive the big band dance music of South Africa. He sings, writes and plays saxophone in the group. They played to a packed house at this year's jazz festival where they made such an impression they were invited to warm up the crowd for Gettliano at the centrepiece outdoor concert. Their new record*Sip 'n Fly* is on Celluloid Records. Piliso was interviewed by Khalid M'Seffar.

How did you come to jazz and why, in 1982, 40 years after their heyday, did you form a big band?

I grew up with it. We listened to this music and tried to play it by ear with other groups. Because it's not everyone that got the opportunity to read music. Even myself, backyard musician, I didn't have formal tuition. Because I liked to improve myself I did all means to buy books and study. We found some other musicians who were already playing orchestrated music so we fell into it. In fact, I started in 1948 to play big band stuff because I was very much impressed by the big bands of that time, like Count Basie, Duke Ellington and Glenn Miller. So, I joined a band in South Africa which was already performing for quite a long time. That was a 14 piece band and at some stage it just died out. I got worried some where around the seventies, when I felt that the young generation is swallowed by Western culture musically, like pop music and disco, so much that the young generation didn't even know what a saxophone looks like or what it is, and a trumpet or whatever. The Western influence was so deep that I got worried that our music now is going under the drain...So, I thought, let me reform and revise the grass roots music of the South Africans, so that's what prompted me to form the band in 1982.

What African or diasporic traditions can people hear in your music?

In South Africa this band still plays orchestrated music by the bands that I mentioned, the Duke Ellingtons..., but only in South Africa. And then, we put more emphasis on African music, African jazz. Now, the word jazz is confusing at times because you associate it with American jazz. That is not the point. The point is that there is that influence of the American, in a big band situation you find the brass section countering the saxophone section and that is what caused swing. Because of that influence, we just call it jazz. The real name, when it started, from the roots of the whole thing, is marabi music.

Is there necessarily a political side to the music?

There is a political side, definitely. Even at home, there are other very strong songs that we even call them revolutionary songs. We are telling the white folks where to get off and all that jazz, you see. These are slogans. We perform those during rallies, political rallies and so forth. The response is so terrific that it's frightening at times [laughs]. Because we work on the emotions, at times they get out of there feeling very highly motivated. Like, you are talking about when the trade unions they tell people, "We organise a sit down strike," and people want to go there in work because they feel they'll be fired from work. Now, they're against the majority, the people that are striking. So we call them sell-outs. We have a song that says, "You are a sell-out, you sneak at work so that tomorrow you can just work while other people are struggling for their rights." We sing that traditionally, with that rhythm, powerful, but we are saying it in our language and people [outside South Africa] don't understand what we are talking about. So I explain it very briefly, and then the rhythm tells it all.

In North America, most young musicians nowadays study jazz at university. Are you involved in teaching young musicians in South Africa?

I am doing some sort of welfare work. I live in a township called Alexandra, there is the Alexandra Arts Centre. It's not a government institution. We take the underprivileged, regardless of their literacy. We do fine arts, pottery and music. I'm in the music department. I take anybody who comes, especially the young ones. I make them play the music, they must be able to play the music, whatever instrument. We teach them according to their literacy. We have some that have gone beyond matriculation and so on - they go on until they do grade eight. And then the others, even if they can't write exams because of illiteracy, they're able to perform and they're happy and it takes them off the streets.

That's where I get the chance of emphasising the African roots, our root stuff. That's where I encourage them to maintain, because I want to maintain our culture musically. We have lecturers, jazz appreciation and we talk about history. Even classical, we do tell them something. And then lecturers who concentrate mainly on African roots. They lecture about West Africa and North Africa and they play the indigenous instruments, like the kalinda and other names I can't even recall.

In the wider community, in Alexandra, is there a sense of crisis right now?

The political situation is like everywhere. Just to dig into a bit of politics. We are fighting for to get our liberation and there could be other groups who are not aware of what fighting for liberation is, because they want to fight for themselves. And then, governments in every country, they look upon those that are not actually fighting for the genuine liberation of the people and then they set them against those [that are] and assist them to defeat the genuine liberation fighters. That's the situation. In South Africa not only in Alexandra. Now in Alexandra you find that there are faction fights within the community. Because those that are, well, let me use the word stupid, don't realise what liberation is.

What is liberation for you? What will it take to have a free South Africa?

We want our land back that was illegally taken. We have presently a government that's not legitimate. We don't want white rule anymore. But, I think we shouldn't replace while domination with black domination. We should sort of balance the whole thing. But, in the process, we want to take over the government - the Blacks - because it's our country. We are the majority, we want majority rule. I haven't got a vote right now. But, a few days ago, I was in Toronto, I heard that the 27th of April I'll be having the vote. I'm being optimistic, but not very much.

photograph (L-R): Carnasec
Roaring Lion, Growling Tiger

Dus' in yeh face!

The Mighty Chalkdust meets El Güero

Scripted as always in chalk dust, Hollis Liverpool, the recently anointed professor of blackboard bacchanal fortified an already dazzling multi-disciplinary curriculum vitae by wresting away the 1993 Calypso Monarch Crown from a fuming Mighty Sparrow and completing his doctorate in history and ethnomusicology as a scholar in exile at the University of Michigan. The prolific prophet of kaiso has made his many calypsos exhaustive treatises critiquing government corruption, imperialist hegemony, fragmentation of identity and pejorative assumptions by the White establishment about the African American experience. Fist clenched, short and solidly built, predictably sporting scholarly spectacles and a whitening beard of wisdom, Chalkdust pranced, preached and postulated in song with a gleam of righteousness. CKUT's own, El Güero, who regularly samples calypso gems on a weekly "Kaiso Hall of Fame" feature, in addition to the Caribbean musical continuum every Friday evening from 20-22h00, was fortunate enough to chat with Chalkdust during his brief visit to Montréal in late August, 1993.

Given that all of us have to improve our knowledge about kaiso and you are certainly the guy to help us through that, and not that much is available in the way of books and we have to look at the back of records sometimes and speak with other members of the community to get a feel for the way things are today, I have to ask you Chalkie, why is Calypso in hospital?

When I made "Kaiso in Hospital" of course, as usual I had a lot of enemies. But what I meant is that "calypso" is a tradition, it's an oral tradition. It has certain characteristics. If it must be a tradition it has to keep some of those characteristics. It must change because change is inevitable. But, the art form that evolved was one whereby here is a man who is giving news and coming to the people in the absence of radio and television and who is bringing the news in an entertaining way by using metaphors and similes and satirical language. In other words, he is giving them the news but he can't sometimes give them the news as it should be given because he would be open to libel and scandal. He has to find a media to give that news and so the calypso art evolved out of that kind of tradition. That's the art in it and many persons have lost that art.

Secondly, the attacks we are having from reggae and dub, etc. are squeezing in on us and removing calypso even from its birthplace, stifling the art and that's the reason why I said that the calypso is in hospital. Because so many Trinidadians are outside of the West Indies and they are singing to mixed audiences. And so that sometimes they don't want to say what's happening in Trinidad or what's happening in St. Vincent. The people outside there are interested in just the jump up music or the fête music and we are losing all that rich music that the calypso has. All that lovely saxophone passages, etc.

There were maybe just a hundred or two hundred people at Victoria Hall last night and I know that's just a stop in hundreds and hundreds of stops for you over the years but I have to say that the little group that was there was able, I feel, to communicate the essence of kaiso.

They did well. You see, I think [Martin] Albino being one of the old musicians who understood calypso way back in Trinidad, who used to play calypso, who plays steel band, he was better able to interpret it.

I wanted to ask you now just to go briefly through the way that kaiso was evolved. We don't want to reinvent the wheel here in five minutes but I was just wondering when the transition took place from the mi minor/Houdini generation, when calypsos were almost exclusively played in minor keys, to a more modern sound .

They used to have the eight line mi minor around in 1910, 1920's, 1930's. And when Douglas came into the calypso world in the twenties with the calypso tent, Douglas and those guys began to introduce now the major keys... In the sense that one had to tell a long story in the calypso tent and the mi minor was just this eight line....When they went to the States in the thirties and forties and nice string and jazz bands came in and the recording came in. The influence of American music especially brought in the saxophones and trumpets. By about the fifties or sixties you find the mi minor going as a strange calypso. Now and then you'd hear a minor. To me you have to understand and appreciate the history of the past to recreate that and a lot of people have never even heard that beautiful string band music, those violins for example. I put violins in "The Essence of Love". And if you know how many persons have asked me about that violin as if it was the first time that they ever heard violin. And I'm telling them all the twenties, thirties, even the forties the violin was the leading instrument in the string band. The violin and the clarinet. You have got to hear the thirties to appreciate violins today. In other words, if I brought a record with violins today, it would sound complete strange. You have to refine people's taste.

Well how are Trinidadians doing? Is it a legacy? Is it something to be embarrassed about? Here I am in Montreal and I've never been to Trinidad before, so of course I always ask people to bring me back things. I have never heard "Ten to One is Murder," I figured, no problem, this is Trinidad. He comes back, he brings me this sad Sparrow classic volume, you know, remakes, soca, of the earlier tunes and he says, "Yeah, look, I got it for you." I said, "This is not what I wanted, I wanted the RCA Victor, the original stuff." And it's like, "Are you kidding? You can't find that here."

And that is why we have to start Carnival Institute. We have got to start documenting our things for future historians. Trinidad is suffering like most Caribbean people from what one writer call "cultural imperialism." We don't have sense of history. We have a sense of history but a wrong history, in the sense that things that we should be keeping, things that we should be holding, the things that we should be documenting and keeping in an institute, people take it for granted and just throw it away. And a person who has those old Sparrow tunes, those old recordings, they are sitting on a goldmine. People who even have my recordings are on a goldmine right now. The amount of persons who are asking me for them. And sometimes only when we leave the Caribbean and we come to Montreal or Toronto, then we understand the richness of the material and we try to get it back and we can't get it. So we have got to start documenting our things, documenting our history, our social history and our whole social history is written in the calypso.

Well I don't know if we can really add to what you have just said, Hollis, it's so profound but I must say that it is very difficult and troubling that even here in town you probably have a better chance to find one of your recordings, for sure. I mean, here I am and I am looking for albums all the time and I find "Sparrow meets Dragon" and on top it says "Miss Lena So-and-So, Chateauguay, Quebec" and she is holding this record in her collection for the last twenty, thirty years.

So as a collector, we are better off here than in your country.

Yes, in fact when I was doing my work, I went to London and I went to the Public Records Office in London and I found a lot of the old records so I could write my dissertation. And I told myself, you know, it's a good thing that the Englishman and England took all those records and all those letters. Probably, if they didn't take it, we'd have nothing. I found old Butler writings, I found all the Governors' speeches, all the newspapers describing Carnival, all the old calypso records. Of course, the Englishman stored them not because he want, he love them, but out of his own political reasons and we are able to hold onto those things. Because even in our library in Trinidad, the Parliament Library, you can't find it. You can't even find a calypso in the Library because this is how they viewed the calypso. I'll give you a simple example, in 1976 I won the Calypso King Competition and we had on stage, myself singing a Shango song, guys rolling on the ground, etc. And I wanted to get it on tape a few years afterwards and I went to the television house and asked them to give me a tape of that performance in '76. It was about four or five years afterwards and they didn't have it. And I say, "You don't have it?" He say, "No." And I say, "Why you don't have it?" And he say, "We changed the system." The technology changed into videos and they destroyed it. You would have destroyed that? In some other countries that's murder, man.

The sad thing about it is that many writers, many journalists who are supposed to support us, they write about these things as traditional. As if they are old, as if they have no value. Like one fellow described me as an "old time calypsonian." And they forget that our history is very short, just a few hundred years old. And whereas European people have such long traditions and they stick onto them. Granted, a lot of our traditions are in Africa. But we have to keep what we develop 'cause what we have here is the celebration of victories by our people. And our people, in rising above enslavement, have left us these legacies and we tend to take them things and just dash them away as though they don't understand the fight. If people only understood the meaning of a conch shell, that awakened the whole slave village, then they would grasp it. If people understood the Shango dance, what it meant to our enslavement then they would come to it. But many of the younger people don't understand it. And not understanding the history, they look at traditional things as just meaningless. We have to bring back the history to them.

Poetry Pedagogy Prison

Andrew Steinmetz is a Montreal writer and member of the band the Good Cookies. Last spring he taught a four month creative writing course at Bordeaux Prison. The following are some of the reflections formed during the course of that experience.

Part One

Day one. No apple on my desk, but everyone seemed genuinely happy to see me. Before anything else, they wanted to introduce themselves, give their names and shake my hand. H was the first. "Hi, I'm H and I need structure."

OK structure it is. The sonnet, the short story, even an odd curriculum vitae. They taught me how to teach them. Any preconceived notion that these guys would want to rant in free–form–free–associative verse was dead wrong. Prison isn't a sanctuary for anarchic ideology but, from what I could see, a den of conformity. Therefore: poetry must rhyme, right? And, so what if I could think of no life more structured or regimented than prison life (architecturally, socially). This did not mean that they would look for release in poetry, through metaphor. No (that's me). The release they sought was much more basic and real.

My class was given in the library, around a large, wooden, seminar–type table. Attendance was voluntary and fluctuated weekly. The average sentence at Bordeaux is a short one, and with over–crowding and early release for good behavior, I could not rely on regular attendance. Also, one consideration which informed an inmate's decision to attend was whether or not inmates from the same cell blocks were attending. Since cell blocks are arranged according to type of sentencing – i.e. protective custody, first offenders, repeat offenders... they signal a degree of personal information which in turn characterizes interaction, if any, between cell blocks.

H and W came to every class while others checked it out and then never returned. H was prolific, thirty years older than myself yet he possessed a child's imagination, unfettered by facts and a believable reality. His poems included cautionary tales – morality was his genre – the environment, romance and utopian visions. H only rarely talked in class, except to lobby permission to read aloud his latest poem.

W talked. He praised and criticized H's poetry. He also introduced new students to the class, telling them what and what not to expect. He acted the role of a liaison officer, between myself and a class of four or five. He disciplined laziness ("it's not a souvenir, read it") and discredited chauvinistic bravado. Early on W informed me that, though he was not a writer himself, he believed the class was "a good thing" (very fastidious). W's ever–impending release which he announced weekly at the end of class, never ceased to cause me disappointment. I did not want him to leave. He was the conscience of the class.

Part Two

Eight–forty–five in the morning and in the main hall of the academic sector, fifty or so inmates gathered with their admission slips. Inside the teachers lounge I was photocopying Phillip Larkin's notorious poem "This Be The Verse" re–reading the opening lines before another copy was spit out over the last: *They fuck you up, your mum and dad./They many not mean to, but they do./The fill you with the faults they had/And add some extra, just for you.*

At five minutes to nine, there was a rap at the door and in stepped a man wearing loose gray pants and light blue T–shirt – standard prison wear.

"Hey J!" pre–empted an excited voice, "I'm back! But I'm not gonna take your class again, don't worry, I'm taking pottery." A quick glance at us all and he slipped back out into the hall.

Across the room J propelled himself in a swivel chair. "He's a good student," J gave me a wink. "He's come back to complete his BA. It's a maximum of two years minus a day here, so they have no choice but to return and do another two if they want to graduate."

Part Three

Love letters, love poems, dreams and confessions. Tender and hard. Sophisticated and sophomoric. Thoughtful and thoughtless. Metaphysical and physical. Lies and truth. Everyone wrote and everyone read – each in our own voice. And after each reading there were compliments, applause, even criticism, and of course bravado. "You're a natural man, where do you write that stuff – in the hole?" And: whatever you did to get in here, I can tell you you're times better spent on your writing."

I brought them a smorgasbord of poetic voices to encounter. Ondaatje, cummings ("he can't spell"), Kafka ("weird"; "horny"; "can I have more of these...?") and Carver ("this is beautiful, I know what he is talking about"). Larkin's "This Be The Verse" met with general consensus, "he must have spent his time *on the inside* to write that."

"What" I asked them, "is special about spending time on the inside?" They cackled in response to my question. I remarked in their voices (could it have been?) pride. Yes, it was pride, a boast of unidentifiable pitch associated with, so I thought, secret knowledge – a certain privilege of experience which they, and not I, had access to.

In truth I had been drawn to working in the prison for an experience out of the ordinary. But *the inside*, as only an initiate can correctly refer to it, was not a geographical space (which I could enter twice a week and then leave). It was and is nothing you can leave behind. Going into Bordeaux I wanted to be accepted – me, the college boy, not stereotyped. I wanted to be accepted by them for things I *had not done*, while they, for the most part, accepted things as done. I now think those who dwelled on the inside brought it with them into Bordeaux – from the outside, where the doors to any number experiences – poverty, unemployment, human error – open and close in thin air.

Day two. Oblivious to the chat in the staff room, I am photocopying H's first and untitled poem for the class to read over. It begins: *I felt the grudging arms of tiredness/Grasping at me every day non–stop/While in my blazing eyes remain the flame of success/the catalyst that propels my dream up and up.*

"Right on!" an excited voice pre–empted H's reading. Yes, and write on they did.

RICK TREMBLES'
MUMBO JUMBO
© '93
LIKE, IF I WAS A CAR SALESMAN, AND SOME CUSTOMER CAME IN WANTING TO SMALL-TALK ABOUT HIS KID BEING A HIGH ACHIEVER IN SPORTS OR SOMETHING, I'M SURE I'D JUST SAY..."UH, SO WHAT?"
POLITICS, GAMBLING, ASTROLOGY, GOD, ETC.... THEY'RE ALL THE SAME CRAP. I'M WAY TOO SCIENTIFIC...
RRIP.
ATTITUDE TEST...
ONCE I WAS INTERVIEWED AT CANADA MANDOWER FOR SOME BURGER-KING JOB AND THE DOLT THREW ME A TRICK QUESTION:
SO TELL ME... WHY EXACTLY IS IT THAT YOU WANT TO WORK WITH OUR COMPANY?
UHHH...UMM... ...BECAUSE I LIKE... HAM-BURGERS?
I DIDN'T GET THE JOB...
I WANNA BE A ROCK STAR WHEN I GROW UP...
CLICK!
"KILL, KILL, KILL ...BLAH, BLAH."
WHAT'S ON THE RADIO?
(C.K.U.T.)
...I KNOW MORE TRIVIA ABOUT AFEW T.V. SITCOM CHARACTERS THAN I KNOW ABOUT SOME OF MY FRIENDS.
THEN THERE WAS THE TIME THAT I ANSWERED A HELP WANTED AD AT SOME BAR-RESTAURANT. ONE OF THE PRETTY-BOYS ALREADY WORKING THERE, SIGNALLED TO HIS OAF OF A BOSS WHO TOOK A SINGLE LOOK AT MY APPEARANCE AND NOD
BOSS: "NO"...SIGH...
HEY, I'M 32 YEARS OLD... I DON'T NEED THIS SHIT!
BOO HOO.

Olympia to Phoenix

—TAKEN FROM "I CAN HEAR ME FINE" BY JEAN SMITH

Yesterday I did an interview with a local rock writer in Vancouver. He is also a former english teacher, my former english teacher from junior high. He was only a substitute and I'm sure he doesn't remember me. Anyway, it was a good moment when, within the interview about my novel, he asked me if I thought Claudine was the central character. I told him I didn't have an opinion about that or several other elements of the book that he brought up. It was quite satisfying not having answers. Being the author and not a student, there wasn't much he could say about it. The following is an excerpt from* I CAN HEAR ME FINE *published in Vancouver by GET TO THE POINT, distributed by Arsenal Pulp Press.

BY JEAN SMITH

Simon sprays on Hi Karate after shave from a gas station washroom dispenser. He gets back in the car, the smell is overpowering, but Joelle doesn't say anything. Simon talks about his uncle. He wants Joelle to agree to go to his place, out into the Superstition Mountains beyond Phoenix.

"You'll really get a kick out of this guy, he's a total sexist pig", Simon giggles and shakes his head.

Miles later, in the middle of California, Simon asks, "Didn't you notice the after shave?"

"I noticed"

"You didn't say anything, didn't you think it was funny?"

Joelle has already agreed to go to Las Vegas even though she thinks it's a bad idea. Simon has been talking about free hotel rooms and free food since Olympia.

The woman at the Las Vegas tourist booth laughs and says "The cheapest room is $75 and you'd be lucky to find such a thing."

They walk through some casinos, free food line-ups are hours long.

"I'm an American, I believe anything," Simon says, dropping a quarter into a slot machine.

The sun is coming up by the time they find the road to his uncle's house. The uncle isn't there, but Simon has a key.

"My uncle used to build hydrogen bombs. Pretty weird. He seems like an OK guy. That's how he ended up with the house out here. He was doing the tests in Nevada, but he didn't want to live too close to the sight."

Joelle is exhausted from the driving , but she's too jittery to sleep. She feels like crying.

Simon points to a board on the kitchen wall, it has little wooden elephant noses mounted on it.

"My uncle made this game. Want to play? You try to get these rings on the noses."

Joelle picks up a couple of the canning jar rings and tosses them limply at the noses. Her eyes blur with tears, plays a game made by a killer in the middle of nowhere.

black lake

Lights come up theatrically. A gold spotlight illuminates a ladder, burnt to charcoal, but still intact, leaning against a wall. The top of the ladder extends beyond the light.

Another soft spotlight is on a cello and the arms of the cellist. The bow is held montionless, above the strings.

Claudine walks through the dark space between the ladder and the cello. Gradually, a light made up of all colours fills the sky. The memory of the cello is replaced by the sound of flowers opening and clouds building up. Roundness has a big sound. Increasing brightness pushes the volume higher. Claudine is at th edge of a black lake watching white light ripple its surface. She rests her eyes between the pressure of sound, light and water. Wind enlivens the white splintering across the lake, it sharpens sound to a siren pitch. In one continuous movement Claudine leaves the shore and submerges.

The blackness holds heat. The lake is so warm. Claudine glides underwater, thin needs touch her like long slippery fingers. Farther out, fish swim to her and turn against her body. When she comes up for air, the wind is fresh in her face. The smell of flowers is so strong, trobelling across the flat lake at twice the speed of sound. The lake is a fine conductor for scent. She sinks back into the water so that her eyes are level with the surface. Waves lap up and blur everything to soft grey.

Claudine goes under for longer and longer periods of time. Her eyes adjust to the light below. She becomes more relaxed with the pushing and pulling of water. Claudine dives down deeper, she doesn't need much air to sustain her. She hums a song that weaves bubbles in front of her and past her ears. The melody descends, low notes are held a long time. Claudine pivots, a pirouette, an axle in space. The bubbles twist around her body, spheres of light and sound.

Jean Smith is one half of the Vancouver duo Mecca Normal, whose minimal punk sounds have been scaring the Canadian music scene for the last 8 years. Mecca Normal's most recent releases include last year's Dovetail, and a compilation of 7-inch material Jarred Up, both out on K records. Jean Smith's prose can also be heard on her 7-inch Carbarol Angel, which is part of Kill Rock Stars' Wordcore series. CKUT will be presenting Mecca Normal, and Montréal's own Bite, Monday, September 20th, at the Jailhouse Rock Café, 30 Mont Royal W. Admission is $5 at the door.

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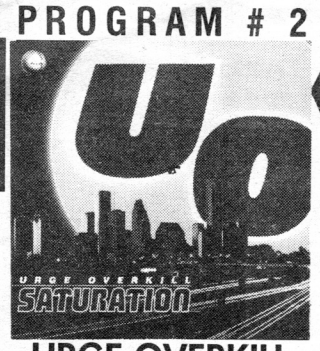

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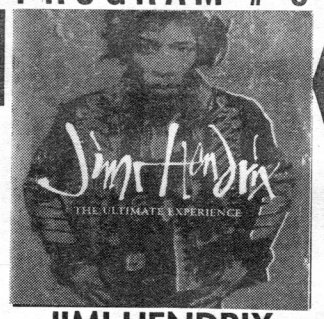

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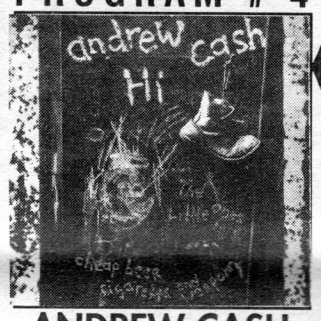

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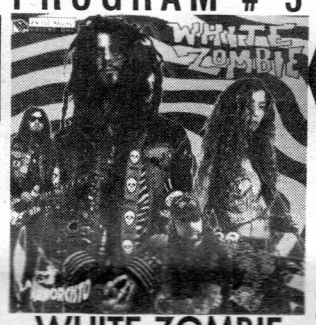

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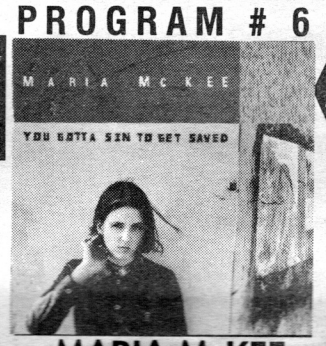

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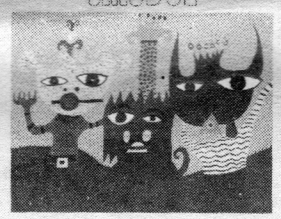

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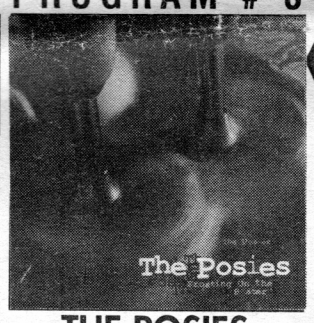

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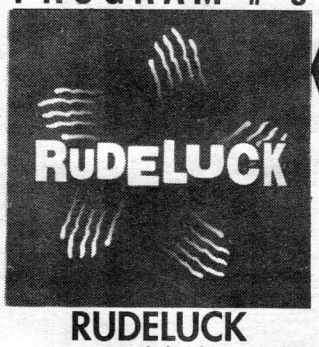

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